

THE LEISURE HOUR

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"BEHOLD IS THERE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Compton*



BURLEY'S FRIEND INTRODUCED.

GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY G. E. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A LECTURE—"WHAT TO DO WITH HIM?" THE PROBLEM SOLVED—FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS! WHAT TO DO WITH THAT? ANOTHER QUESTION.

THE question "What to do with him?" having been abruptly adjourned *sine die*, in consequence of Mr. Filby's obnoxious proposal to send me to sea, I was for some time permitted to take my own course, and employ myself as I saw fit. To be frank, notwithstanding my

expressed willingness to work in any way my grandfather might choose, I am afraid I was equally willing to be idle. At any rate, I had no objection to putting off the time for actual exertion in the race of life. And reason good, as I then thought. Had I not worked hard at school? And did I not need a little breathing-time? Was it not true—as Betsy Miller took care to tell me, for my encouragement, I suppose—that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"? Besides, I need not be idle: there were "lots of things" I could do, even in Silver Square; if nothing else, I could go on with my old studies, and commence new ones; while, by way of

change, I could spend many an odd day—and did, too—in exploring the nooks and corners of the great city, which, cockney-bred as I was, was an unknown region to me, save and except the immediate surroundings of my home, and a few of the principal streets branching out of the City proper.

I think, also, that my grandfather was very well content with my remaining in this state of semi-indolence and freedom. It kept me near him, and it saved him trouble sometimes, because I could transact for him many little affairs which otherwise would have devolved upon himself. Of course, Mr. Filby looked rather sourly upon me, as one devoted to destruction; but this was as much due to my unfortunate caligraphy as to my easily-acquired desultory habits. And I cared very little for what Mr. Filby thought—that crusty old bachelor, as Betsy called him.

I may say now—writing after so long a lapse of time—that it was an evil thing for me to have it in my power to waste so many precious hours and days and weeks, seeing that “Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.” It would have been yet worse for me if my idleness had been confirmed. Happily, however, a day of deliverance from its bondage was at hand.

As may be supposed, my visit to Edwin Millman at his home led to his coming, a few days afterwards, to see me at mine. Then, when I found I had more time at my disposal than I had calculated on, I made my way again and again to Gracechurch Street, without formal invitation, and was kindly received. On one of these occasions, however, Mr. Millman gave me a good-natured lecture on my present want of purpose.

“You remind me, Hurly,” said he—and, by the way, I may as well remark here that, somehow or other, among friends, Hurly had become fixed upon me as my proper name—“you remind me, Hurly, of the fable of the boy who had so much time upon his hands, and was so tired of his own solitariness, that he made a round, one fine morning, in search of a companion. He went to the bee, if I remember aright, and said, ‘Come and play with me.’ But Mistress Bee said, ‘I am too busy; I have got to gather honey; so I cannot go with you.’ Then he went to the dog, and said, ‘Come and play with me.’ But the dog said, ‘I have my master’s business to attend to; so I cannot go with you.’ Then he went to the bird; but the bird had got her young to feed; and, in short, the child found that all the world besides himself had some duty to perform, and that he alone seemed to be living to no purpose.”

“I am sorry you think so meanly of me, sir,” I said, blushing scarlet, I have no doubt.

“My dear Hurly,” replied my kind friend, “I do not think meanly of you at all. I am only anxious to see you well employed. I have seen so many young men, of good natural abilities and excellent dispositions, make shipwreck of their future hopes, and sink down into mere idlers or something worse, by being placed, as they thought, above the necessity for exertion, that I fear for you.”

“I do not want to be an idler,” I said, with rather a mortified heart, “and I do not think myself above the necessity for exertion; but—” I could not proceed with my self-vindication, and my kind adviser took up my words.

“You do not want to be an idler; and yet you are one, you know, and have been any day and every day these last three months. You do not think yourself above the necessity for exertion, and yet you make no exertion. What are we to make of that?” he asked, with a benevolent smile.

“I would have gone to sea—I should have been glad to go—but my grandfather would not hear of it,” I said, bitterly.

“There are as good fish out of the sea, perhaps, as there are in it,” he replied, reversing the proverb. “You are not obliged to be unemployed on land because you cannot work on the sea, are you?”

“No, sir,” I replied, in a subdued tone.

“I knew a young fellow, about your own age, some twenty years ago,” continued my mentor, “who found himself in much the same position as yours. He had kind, but rather mistaken friends, who were willing enough that the lad should be free from the restraints, and what they perhaps considered to be the curse of labour. He had moderate expectations, which would have warranted the idea that he might pass through life comfortably enough without troubling himself with work; and so, in effect, he was told. Happily, however, the youth had good sense and activity; added to these, and what gave them their true value, he had religious principle. He saw clearly enough, therefore, that it would not do; that a few more months or a year or two of indolence would fix him for life as a cumberer of the ground; that idleness was already eating into his heart like rust. So he made a wise resolution: he would get work; if he had to work for nothing, he would do it; if he had to pay for doing it, he would still do it. The very day on which he made up his mind to this course he set out on it. How many rebuffs he met with, and how many disappointments he had to bear, I cannot say; but he persevered, and he succeeded. That is to say, he obtained what he was determined to have—an employer and work. He worked hard, and was happy. Whether he obtained wealth or not is nothing to the purpose—of very little consequence; but he was both happy and useful, instead of being, in after-life, as there was great danger of his becoming, a miserable burden to himself and others. Now, Hurly,” added my friend, “what is to prevent you from doing likewise?”

I have written down Mr. Millman’s lecture, as far as I can remember it, for the benefit of any whom the subject may concern, and I need not linger over the result of our conversation. It is enough for me to say that my kind and fatherly friend did not wantonly wound me without a balm ready at hand. Before we parted he had offered to take me into his own offices, and on terms so favourable that it would have been madness in me had I refused.

“It is the very best I can do for the preserver of my son’s life,” he said, when I attempted to thank him; “and, setting that altogether aside, I am pleased to secure, in this way, a companion and friend for my son. The obligation is on my part, believe me.”

So, the next day, with my grandfather’s consent, I took my seat at a desk in Gracechurch Street, and, after a month’s trial, I signed articles of apprenticeship to Mr. Millman.

Friend Filby shook his head, sagely, when he was told I was going to be a clerk. “The very worst thing you could have done with the boy—better have made him a blacksmith,” he was reported to me, by Betsy Miller, to have said; and I have no doubt he quite expected I should soon have to make my appearance at the Old Bailey for forgery, seeing what a hang-dog handwriting mine was. I cared little for Mr. Filby’s opinion, however, and set to work as earnestly as I might.

I may as well say here that, in becoming my employer, Mr. Millman did not cease to be my friend. In fact, I was given to understand that I was not only at

liberty, but was expected to spend as many evenings in the week, after office-hours, as I pleased, in his family, on the former familiar terms. I availed myself occasionally of this permission, or invitation; and so, without any further change or incidents worth recording, some two or three months passed rapidly away.

It was after I had been about that space of time in my employment that my grandfather received the letter from Mr. Falconer, with the five-hundred-pound order, of which I have already spoken.

"This is uncommonly kind, and just exactly like himself, Hurly," said Anthony Bix; "but it is rather awkward."

"Awkward, grandfather?"

"Why, yes, Hurly. It has come too late, you see, unless you could give up your engagement with Mr. Millman."

"And why should I do that, if I could do it, my dear grandfather?" I asked.

"Why, then we might article you to the law, and make an attorney of you, or a conveyancer, or a barrister, and you might come to a silk gown by-and-by, or to a judge's coif and ermine. Dear, dear, who can tell how much might be done for five hundred pounds? Or we might send you to college, Hurly, and put you into orders, and who shall say that you would stop short of a silk apron and lawn sleeves?"

Dear old man! I am sure he believed in his own sudden and momentary visions of my future hypothetical dignity—all lost to me because I had been in such a hurry to get married (I am using his own words), to get married to a mercantile employment.

"If we hadn't been in such a hurry to get you married to a merchant's office, there is no telling what this five hundred pounds might have done for you, Hurly," said my kind old guardian, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Pray don't make a trouble of that, grandfather," I said: "I am very well content to remain as I am. I am sure I have no vocation for the Church," I added; "and, as to the law, it isn't every lawyer's clerk that comes to be a judge, you know."

My grandfather agreed with this, and, after another regretful sigh, decided that the five hundred pounds would not be wanted—immediately, at any rate.

"I'll lock the order up in my cash-box, Hurly," said he; "for we must not run the risk of offending Mr. Falconer by saying that we can do without his money. Besides, there's no telling what may happen, and it may be very useful to you in pushing you on by-and-by."

"Haden't you better secure the money at once, grandfather?" I said, half jokingly; "because, as you say, there's no telling what may happen."

"No, no, Hurly. That would be something like obtaining money under false pretences. Mr. Falconer expressly says in his letter, you see, that it is to be put to a certain use—your business training; *training*, you see, expressly. Now it cannot be put to that use; it isn't wanted, is it?"

"Then why not write to Mr. Falconer, and tell him so, grandfather; and ask him what you are to do with it?"

"Perhaps it will be best, Hurly; and—yes, I'll think about it, my boy. In the meantime, I'll put the order under lock and key." And he did so.

This is a simple incident to write about, but the sequel is yet to come. Moreover, I learned from it three things:—*First* (which I had suspected before), that my grandfather had no great wealth of his own in store, otherwise he would freely have bestowed it on my advancement in life in some such way as he had spoken

of. I was sure of this. *Second*, that, though strictly honest and conscientious in his transactions with his patron and the whole world besides, he had the natural desire not to let a good thing escape from his grasp, if he could anyhow retain it without doing violence to good worldly principles of integrity. And, *third*, that a habit of procrastination was growing upon him, indicative of the infirmity of purpose which generally (as I have seen) accompanies old age. For it is a fact, account for it as we may, that the nearer our years bring us towards the grave, the more indisposed are we to do, with all our remaining mental might, that which our hands find us to do.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A VISIT FROM MARMADUKE TOZER—TROUBLE LOOMING IN THE DISTANT HORIZON.

ONE evening—I think it must have been two or three months after the conference I have just recorded, and it was winter-time I know—on returning from my day's work to Silver Square, I was informed by Betsy Miller that a visitor had that afternoon called to see me, and would call again at eight o'clock.

"A visitor! what name, Betsy?"

"He wouldn't leave his name. It was of no consequence, he said."

"What sort of person is he?" I asked.

"A handsome young gentleman (not so good-looking as you, though, Hurly)," said Betsy, who, in her blind partiality for me, would not admit any inferiority on my part, "with a red shawl handkerchief round his neck, and a great-coat on, for all the world as if it was made out of a blanket, and covered with great white bone buttons, bigger than a crown piece. He looked all buttons."

I knew no young gentleman to whom this description would apply, for my circle of acquaintances was very limited; nor could any cross-questioning elicit from Betsy any further information than that I had better wait and see.

I had not long to wait. At the appointed time a sounding knock at the door announced my visitor—Marmaduke Tozer.

"Surprised to see me, aren't you, Hurly?" was his first greeting.

I confessed to the surprise, but said that I was glad—I was pleased—to see him. "You are come to stay here, of course?" I asked.

No; he didn't know about that. It mightn't be convenient, perhaps; in short, he was staying at a hotel, and had been in London two or three days—had been paying a visit to the Browns, at Blackheath (I remembered Quercus and Philander Brown at old Thompson's, didn't I?), and had run up to London "for a spree," but couldn't go away without looking me up. All this and more Marmaduke said in a drawing sort of way, with an assumption of ease for which I was not altogether prepared, while he stood in the hall, fidgeting with the big buttons of his drab Witzey, as though he were not altogether accustomed to them.

"My dear fellow, how could you think of being at an inn when you know here's a house big enough for a dozen such as you, and a hearty welcome besides? You must not think of going away from Silver Square to-night, nor all the while you are in London. Grandfather will be quite vexed if you do."

"I don't know about that, Hurly," said he, with an absent stare. "This is a queer old place—haunted, too, isn't it? And the old gentleman (your grand-dad I mean) mightn't be best pleased to have me hanging about for a week or so."

"He shall answer for himself," I said, and, disappearing, presently returned with my grandfather, whom I found in his office.

There was no need for much persuasion, after all; for Marmaduke (as became a young man who had expectations) had grown increasingly careful of money, and told me presently, in confidence, that living at a hotel was "preciously dear." So we started to the "Belle Sauvage" (as I think) to bring away his portmanteau, and in less than an hour had returned with it to Silver Square. Meanwhile Betsy Miller had prepared a room for our unexpected visitor, and a rather superior supper.

Divested of his rough coat and shawl, which made him look like a substantial grazier, Marmaduke did not seem much altered in the short space of time since we had last parted with each other, except that he was grown stouter, and that an air of languid indolence had stolen over him—such an air as I might have had if Mr. Millman had not prevented it in time. He got on very well with my grandfather, however; and presently, when we had finished supper and Marmaduke and I were left together, we glided into confidential conversation.

"You are surprised to see me in London, Hurly," said he.

There was no particular reason why I should be surprised, seeing that some thousands of country people enter London and depart from it every day. I told him, however, that I certainly had not expected to see him—which was true; and asked him if any especial business had caused the journey—which, perhaps, was impertinent.

"Business! Oh no. I thought you knew me better than that, Hurly," said he, laughing. "Bother business! It was only a whim. I promised the Browns that I would go and see them some day; and they wrote for me to come, and I have been a week at Blackheath, as I told you—and a nice place they have there, too, I can tell you; their father is a rich fellow, you know; and so, being there, I thought I might as well come on to this little village and see what it is like, and" (yawning) "here I am, heigho!"

"A pleasant change for you, at any rate," I remarked. "You must be tired, I should think, of always being at home, with nothing to do."

"Oh, you are there, are you, Hurly? I dare say you think much of yourself because you are a merchant's clerk"—I should explain that I had, some time before, written to Marmaduke, informing him of my engagements—"but you must know, I am going to set to work too. So I shall be even with you." He said this good-humouredly, of course, but with a degree of affected nonchalance, as I thought, which provoked me to reply that I was glad to hear he had come to his senses, and had made the discovery that work was a desirable condition of human life.

Marmaduke laughed. "I don't say that I think so," he replied; "but circumstances alter cases, as we used to say at St. Judith's. By the way, I have something to tell you about St. Judith's presently that will surprise you; but that will keep. Circumstances alter cases, as I said; and my case is altered."

"Ah?"

"Five hundred pounds, for instance," continued Marmaduke.

"Oh! you had five hundred pounds from Mr. Falconer for your business training, had you, Marmaduke?" This was the first time I heard of it. "So had I. Well?"

I noticed that Marmaduke seemed rather surprised,

not to say startled and annoyed, when I told him of my having shared in our common patron's bounty. He made no remark about this, however, but said—

"Well, you see, I wasn't in training for business, and the lawyer who corresponded with my mother (what's his name? Fawley, of Hatton Garden) said it was necessary I should have a business, in order that the money might be legitimately—that was the word—legitimately applied; and that it couldn't be touched without."

"Just so; I see."

"It was a great bore, of course," he went on; "but I wasn't going to lose the five hundred pounds, so I went to a farmer a few miles off, who was looking out, as I knew, for a pupil. I soon settled the matter with him, and agreed to be article to him for four years—all a farce, you know, because I am not going to turn clod-hopper, don't you think it. But it made it all right for the money. Wilkins (that's the farmer's name) will get half of it, though, for my board and lodging, and the rest goes for my personal expenses; so I have set up a horse and joined the East Kent Hunt. 'Tisn't bad, is it? And it suits me well enough, for I began to get tired of living at home, with nobody but my mother to speak to."

"And Sophy," I added.

"Oh yes, Sophy, of course. But, you see, I am near enough now to see her as often as I like; and, if we should be married—"

"Tr!" I could not help this exclamation of surprise. I knew, of course, that "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." But I was not prepared for the cool recognition of this proverbial saying by the boy-lover who, six or eight months before, would have been ready to fly into high heroics if I had ventured to hint at any serious impediments in the course of his love, or any change in his own mind.

"Why not 'if'?" he asked, sharply. "There's no telling what may happen, is there? But I'll say *when*, then—when we are married I may take it into my head to have a farm, and it will be as well to pretend to know something about farming, eh?"

"Better really to know something about it," I thought; but I did not utter the words: I was too anxious about Sophy to hold an argument on any other score.

"And how is Sophy?" I asked; "and old Dame Storks and her gamekeeping husband—are they well?"

"Oh, all right. Sophy is a sweet little thing, isn't she, Hurly?"

I said yes, she was; and that I should be deeply grieved if any trouble were to happen to her.

Marmaduke did not reply to this, but shifted the subject of conversation.

"I was going to tell you about St. Judith's," he said; "and a queer thing that has happened there."

"True. What is it?"

"Why, you see, I rode over there a month or six weeks ago, to have a look at the old place."

"And to exhibit yourself on horseback, in your new capacity as a gentleman-farmer," thought I to myself. But I only said, "Yes, very natural."

"You remember old Smithers?" said Marmaduke.

"Yes, of course, very well. What of him?"

"He had been found out to be a regular impostor. What do you think of that?"

I might have said that I was not surprised at it; but I only asked, "How? In what way?"

It was in this way:—By some curious concatenation of events, Mr. Thompson and the principal of the board—

ing-school near London, whence Mr. Smithers professed to have his testimonials, fell in with each other, and it then came to light that a gross deception had been practised on the former gentleman. The result was that Mr. Smithers had been summarily and ignominiously dismissed.

This, in other words, was Marmaduke's story. I gathered from it, however, that my wretched uncle had so far kept good faith with me as not to betray my innocent complicity in his deception. And for this I was grateful to his memory. But I was sorry to find that Marmaduke thought very lightly of the grave offence committed by Mr. Smithers—looked upon it, indeed, as a good joke, and a justifiable expedient.

"I like the fellow for his cleverness," he said, "and shall tell him so if ever I fall in with him."

"Which you may do sooner than you fancy," I thought; for it occurred to me then, not for the first time, that William Bix, or Tindall, or Smithers, had found out, in his underhand way, how matters stood between Marmaduke and Sophy, and would step forward, in due time, to reap his own harvest from that fertile ground. Future events proved that I was right, though my mental predictions were fulfilled in a way I did not expect.

Our night conference ended here, and I may briefly add that Marmaduke spent a week or more at Silver Square; that is to say, he made my grandfather's house a convenient lodging-house, while following his own will in the disposal of his idle time.

It came as a matter of course that I should invite Edwin Millman to meet his and my old schoolfellow; and, one day during the visit, we both obtained leave of absence, and accompanied Marmaduke to Blackheath, to see the Browns. We were cordially enough received by the parents of Quercus and Philander, who, as may be supposed, from the strange names given to their boys, were, to say the least, peculiar and crotchety. We spent a pleasant day, however, with our former companions, but received no great encouragement to repeat our visit. I believe the reason of this was that we (that is, Edwin and I) were only City clerks, and the Browns were people of some independent property. Marmaduke had not erroneously said that they lived in a fine mansion, surrounded by pretty pleasure-grounds, and appeared to live in what was then considered excellent style. I must not omit to say that Quercus and Philander (sonorous names!) had two sisters—fine, rattling girls they seemed to be—and that much polite attention was paid to them by Marmaduke Tozer.

CONSEILS DES PRUD'HOMMES IN FRANCE.

For many centuries it was the habit amongst the fishermen of the French seaports to choose the most moral and reputable amongst them to keep order. These men were called Prud'hommes, an old French word, signifying a man of probity, and also a skilful, expert man or artisan. These fishermen never applied to any ordinary tribunal, but submitted most obediently to the decision of their own men.

The Emperor Napoleon I., who organised the whole national French industry, thought that a similar institution amongst the working men in general might be very useful. A decree of August 3rd, 1810, established, therefore, throughout France Conseils Prud'hommes, the first Conseil Prud'hommes having been created for the city of Lyons only, by a decree of March 18th, 1806.

The object of these tribunals, as stated in these

decrees, is to settle, by way of conciliation, the differences constantly arising between employers, foremen, workmen, and apprentices, and to judge within certain limits, without any formalities, and without any cost of proceeding, such differences as the two parties might not be able to come to an understanding upon: In instituting these Conseils, the Emperor's principal aim was to bestow upon the national industry a special jurisdiction, a kind of family tribunal, which as far as possible should judge all claims relating to wages, and disputes between employers and workmen.

The Conseils Prud'hommes have a special and exceptional jurisdiction. They exist only in localities in which the government thinks it fit to establish them on account of the number and importance of the manufacturing and workshops, and they have no jurisdiction without these towns. The Conseils Prud'hommes are not permitted to judge differences between masters, but only between masters and workmen, and between workmen themselves. Every Conseil is appointed for certain branches of industry, and can only try cases arising in trades which have been called upon by the ordinances of the minister to have confidence in the election of the Prud'hommes. For instance, if the decree instituting a new Conseil Prud'hommes did not expressly mention the carpenters of a town amongst those trades who are to put faith in the elections of the locality for the nomination of the Conseil, and a dispute were to take place between a master carpenter and a journeyman carpenter, they could not bring it before the Conseil Prud'hommes, but they would be obliged to go to law before the ordinary tribunals.

The Conseils Prud'hommes are not compelled to try the differences between a master and the workmen of another master. The disputes between a master and his own workmen only fall into the jurisdiction of the Conseils, as far as they bear out their mutual engagements, the industry they work at in common. If their differences relate to any other object, they must be referred to the ordinary tribunals. Thus, the claim of a coachman against his master, to whom he has lent money, would be foreign to their jurisdiction.

The Conseils are competent to try any case, whatever the amount may be. If the judgment does not exceed one hundred francs (£4), it is definitive and without appeal. Should the sentence affect one hundred francs, it is only considered as a sentence of first "instance," and an appeal to the Tribunal of Commerce, or civil tribunal, is permitted. The Conseil is not to pass a judgment before having exhausted all means to conciliate both parties peacefully; and, in reality, very few affairs brought before them give rise to a judgment. In the greater number of cases the Conseils succeed in conciliating the parties amicably. The jurisdiction of the Conseils is a jurisdiction of equity. They must counsel the general notions of justice, the interests of the parties, and the customs of the country; and they must moderate the rigour of the law according to circumstances.

Another attribute of the Conseils is the privilege to suppress offences aiming to disturb public order, or the discipline of the workshops. They also judge misdoings of apprentices against their masters. The Conseils can in such cases pass a fine of damages to be paid to the master by the apprentices. The fines in the legal proceedings, and the judgment, have the same force as a civil action when heard before an ordinary court. Should the Conseil think proper, the Prud'hommes have, like any ordinary tribunal, the right to order the secrecy of the sitting. An appeal is allowed against the sen-

tence by which they pronounce an imprisonment. After the lapse of a year since the offence is committed, masters cannot take any proceedings against the offender. If proceedings have been taken, and sentence has been passed within a year, the judgment cannot be executed if two years have passed since the case was tried.

Another advantage of the *Conseils Prud'hommes* is their right to interfere in any cases affecting regulations relating to factories, private marks, and copyright of designs, but they have no power to pass judgment on any question of infringement of copyright; but any mark of manufacturers to new designs must be deposited with them, and no action against imitation can be brought before the regular tribunals. The *Conseils* are also arbiters as to the novelty of certain patterns, and the ordinary tribunals do not pass sentence before their opinion has been taken on the subject. The *Conseils des Prud'hommes* exert in their official functions a kind of moral patronage for the best of the working classes, and this friendly patronage assumes, in the relation of the *Conseils* to the apprentices, a paternal character.

A decree of the provisional government, of the 27th March, 1848, has greatly modified the original way in which the *Conseils Prud'hommes* were composed. Before that decree the influence of the masters in the *Conseils* was greater than that of the workmen. Since 1848 the masters do not form the majority of the members; arrangements are made that the foremen, who are members of the *Conseil*, can vote without fear of displeasing their masters, and the workmen are now fairly represented. The National Assembly, before modifying the organization of the *Conseils*, ordered a report to be addressed to the Minister of Commerce, from which it appears that in the year 1844 sixty-six towns in France were already endowed with *Conseils des Prud'hommes*; and that from the year 1830 to 1839 the number of cases submitted to these *Conseils* was 135,730, of which 128,319 were amicably settled and 3573 were abandoned; 3838 judgments were passed, 155 of which only gave rise to an appeal. What ruinous costs, what loss of time, would these 135,730 cases have involved on both masters and workmen, even if they had only been referred to the ordinary tribunals! Many cases of a vexed character, which the working men would have brought before a "judge of *ocuvi*," they did not dare bring before the *Conseil Prud'hommes*, which would have immediately disarmed any case not based on reasonable motives. Therefore the whole working classes of France consider the practical working of the *Conseils Prud'hommes* as a real blessing.

The *Conseils*, as modified by the decree of 1848, are now composed of an equal number of *prud'hommes* masters and *prud'hommes* workmen, and cannot contain less than two nor more than twenty-six members. The *prud'hommes* are elected by the masters, foremen, and workmen being twenty-one years of age, and residing at least six months in the circumscription of the *Conseil*. All masters, foremen, and workmen able to read and write, and having resided one year in the district, are eligible for election. Excluded from the right of election are foreigners, bankrupts, and persons suspected of dishonesty. The masters and the workmen are elected separately by the prefects. All those who remain a year, rent a house, and employ one or more workmen, are considered masters.

The masters and the workmen are called together separately for the elections by the Prefect. The assembly of workmen is presided over by the Judge of *Ocuv*, and the assembly of the masters by the Assistant Judge of *Ocuv*. Each assembly elects by ballot three

times the number of candidates more than are really to be elected. The list of candidates thus elected is sent by the President of the Assembly to the mayors of the district of the *Conseils Prud'hommes*, to be published and posted up. Eight days after the publication of the list of candidates, the masters and workmen are again called together for the definitive election. But this time the masters elect the workmen *prud'hommes*, and the workmen elect masters *prud'hommes*, in order that every member of the *Conseil* should not consider himself the representative of a class, but a representative of both masters and workmen. The foremen can be elected as master *prud'hommes*, but they only constitute one half of the members of the *Conseil*, and to become eligible they must appear in the list of candidates elected by the masters. One third of the members of the *Conseils* retire every year, and are eligible for re-election; the names of the members who retire the two first years are decided by ballot. Every *Conseil* has a President and vice-President, who are alternately a master and a workman. They are elected every three months. The masters elect the workman President, and the working men elect the master President. These are also eligible for re-election. The President has the casting vote.

The *Conseils des Prud'hommes* have two kinds of sittings: one is called "*Bureau de Conciliation*," and the other is called "*Bureau Général*." The law orders that at least once a week the sitting of the *Conseil* is devoted to conciliations, and such sitting is called "*Bureau de Conciliation*." The court for conciliation must have two members, one workman and one master. The *Conseil* must assemble at least twice a month, and try cases which could not be conciliated, and these cases are called "*Bureaux Généraux*." The law orders that in such a court at least four masters *prud'hommes*, and four workmen *prud'hommes*, must be present. When a complaint is brought before the *Conseil*, the secretary invites by letter the defendant to appear before the "*Bureau de Conciliation*" on a certain hour of a certain day. If the defendant does not appear, he is summoned to appear by a sheriff's officer attached to the *Conseil*. Should the Court of Conciliation not succeed in settling the affair, the case is referred to the *Bureau Général*. But before passing sentence the President again endeavours to conciliate the parties.

Such is a brief history of the origin and working of the *Conseils des Prud'hommes* of France; and it must be admitted that they are very excellent institutions, and that they are useful and beneficial to both masters and workmen. Would that some such court could be established in England!

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES AMONG THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CRUISE OF THE "SHAMROCK"—SOUTH BERNERA.

THE heavy Atlantic surges were rolling grandly in, breaking on the cliffs in showers of spray, and running riot in a hundred caves, till Bernera and Mingalay gave back the echoes in a thousand reverberations. Down went the anchor into deep water, and three gigs, ready manned, were instantly at the ship's side, to take the different parties off with their surveying instruments. The only landing-place is a shelving table of rock at the foot of a rent in the cliff, and this is only available in calm weather and with certain winds. As it was, we had to watch our opportunity when the boat went in on the top of a wave, and spring ashore before it receded.

If the sublimer risks were over when that leap was made, more ignominious perils awaited us on *terra firma*; for the shelving rock was steep to climb, and so slippery with fish-scales and fish-oil that one of the officers fell on his face. At the top of this inhospitable pier there were several trays full of dog-fish and skate lying in brine, which brine, percolating in small streams, turned the ground all round into a chilly and unsavoury swamp. Long poles, with which the natives kill the sea-fowl, were lying about, and some small pieces of wreck, all which were accounted great treasures.

Above the ledge of rock on which we landed, the whole island population, to the number of forty, was congregated, and among them the officer for whose rescue we had come. As the advent of strangers is an era from which the small events which chequer the Bernera horizon are dated, and the appearance of any ship at so late a period of the year is an incident as unexpected as lucky, we received an outrageous welcome. Everybody shook hands with somebody, all the people poured out torrents of words in the vernacular, and a few made the most of some very lame sentences in English, resorting to patting and stroking to render them more emphatic. There was something only *half* civilized about the whole affair, and I doubt not that strings of beads, looking-glasses, and bright bandannas would have been as gleefully received as in Central Africa. Yet these people were all well dressed, cleanly, and healthy-looking, and most anxious to take us to their abodes, which are of a superior kind, and are well kept outside. We spent some time in one of them, and were regaled with delicious cream, in large, clean wooden bowls. This was the lightest, cleanest, best-appointed Highland hut I ever entered, and so little crowded up with those mysterious heaps of miscellaneous "gear" which usually abound, that all the islanders and several of the officers and crew of the "Shamrock" were accommodated without difficulty. Its inmates seemed entirely dependent on their own resources, and can have very little idle time. Their food is all home-provided, and their clothing and furniture all of home manufacture. Tobacco and tea, and the last used not as a beverage, but as a luxury, appeared the only exotic articles. The garments were all made of homespun wool, and the striped winceys of the women, woven by themselves, would not have disgraced Aberdeen. Crinoline had penetrated even to Bernera, but it too was home-manufactured, out of hoops of barrels thrown up from a wreck, and produced somewhat of the stiff, ludicrous, ungraceful outlines of the women of Tuscany and the Romagna. Two buxom girls with the barrel-hoop crinolines had never seen "ladies" before, and occupied themselves with a minute but surreptitious scrutiny of the garments of those of our party; and doubtless the shaggy fur jackets, reefed-up dresses, and fishermen's boots which were worn on that memorable occasion, will set the fashions in Bernera for many years. The hut was furnished with tables, benches, boxes, beds, and stools, made of drift-wood, rudely put together, but very clean. The guidman was the only native Protestant on the island, and as if in proof of a fact no doubt of considerable importance in this little insular world, he bought a Bible, paying for it in the currency of Bernera—dried skate. His son, a fine boy of ten years, has the distinction of being the scholar of the island, and, after diving from the top of a rock and swimming out to see the "Shamrock," he returned, ruddy and dripping, to read a lesson in English, a tongue of which he evidently comprehended not one word. After receiving us thus hospitably, the whole population set off in their great

boat to the "Shamrock," where curiosity and bargaining kept them for three hours chaffering with the cook and sailors, and paying for their purchases in fish. To their credit be it recorded, that they appeared more disposed to give than to take; and we left the island without receiving any other petitions than for our spare spars for bird-poles, and for aid in the education of their children.

These people lead singular lives. They are entirely isolated, and receive fewer visits than those of St. Kilda. If it were not for the steamer "Pharos," which spends two hours in April and two hours in June, in landing supplies for the lighthouse, Bernera would be altogether outside of the pale of civilization. Unlike Iona, there is nothing to glorify, with historic lustre, its dark and frowning mass, and a pilgrimage to its booming shores could reward none but genuine lovers of adventure by sea. Far out in the Atlantic, exposed to its fullest fury, and generally inaccessible, it yet has nursed a population before, rather than behind, those of the other Hebrides. Hardy, sober, self-reliant, without any advantages or other religious ordinances than are supplied by the annual visit of a priest from Barra, these very interesting people thirst for education, and would make considerable sacrifices to obtain it. They were persistent and almost clamorous in their request that we should lay their case before an educational committee in Edinburgh, and promised to contribute liberally, *in kind*, to the support of a teacher. In vain we assured them that sixteen children would not be considered a valid claim, though the character of the people and their singular position seem to constitute one. They pursued us with their entreaties even after we were in our boat, and I doubt not are really willing to do their utmost to fulfil their proposed part of the agreement. They live by crofting, fishing, and bird-catching, and keep ponies, goats, and cattle. Birds, however, seem their principal reliance, and for these they descend the rocks at the risk of their lives, not only robbing them of their eggs but of their lives, for the sake of their flesh and feathers. The flesh they salt and eat, and the feathers they sell for beds. This desperate mode of robbery has cost two of the robbers their lives within a few years. The birds which tempt to these perilous deeds are chiefly guillemots, kittiwakes, and puffins. Puffins are procured here, as elsewhere, by dragging them from the holes on the summits of the cliffs on which they breed; but they are obtained also, in large numbers, by a singular method practised nowhere but in Bernera.

When the wind blows strongly from the south-west, the birds, in flying to the cliffs, very frequently miss their mark, and are carried for a short distance over the summits, when, by wheeling round, they contrive to regain their nests. This is especially the case with puffins, and the natives are ready to take advantage of the emergency. A man lies on his back close to the verge of the cliff, with his head to the sea, and holds a light pole in his hand, which is projected over the edge of the rock. In this position he remains patiently until a bird, driven by the wind, comes within his reach, when one dexterous stroke of the pole brings it stunned to the ground. During a lengthened gale a great many puffins and auks are secured in this fashion. How true it is that one half the world does not know how the other half lives, and, perhaps, does not care to know! Of what value in the eyes of thousands is God's great bond of brotherhood? Of what interest to the loungers of our clubs and drawing-rooms are the perils of their Bernera kinsmen? Yet there is a wonderful picturesque-ness about this life. A painter might draw an inspiration

from one stormy day, or an author might rise into the sublime; yet all is meaningless to the dull or undeveloped perceptions of the natives. It would be hard to imagine anything more desperate than the position of these birdcatchers, with the hurricane raging round them, the wrack drifting over them, the sea-birds shrieking as they circle round their heads, and, seven hundred feet below, the Atlantic hurling itself in thunder against the base of the cliffs with violence enough to send jets of spray over their summits.

Between that period and May they pay cursory visits, and early in May they lay their eggs on the shelves of the cliffs, so close together that it is marvellous how each parent can recognise its own. Equally marvellous are the instinct which discerns the young one, amidst the millions of shrieking, unfledged wretches, and the code of laws by which the tribes are governed. One would be glad to learn what terrible instance of punishment, handed down through countless generations, has produced such a salutary effect upon the community as to



ISLAND OF S. BERNERA, OR BARRAHEAD.

Life is what these islands require; something to link them with the rest of creation; something which shall add animate praise to the great choral hymn of the ocean; and this is supplied, for a part of the year, by the myriads on myriads of sea-fowl which whiten the colossal cliffs of Mingalay and Bernera. Corruisk, Quiraing, and several other places to which people go in search of the sublime, are not to be compared to the scenery of these southern Hebrides during the annual visit of the birds. From the base to the summit of the cliffs each tribe of fowl keeps possession of a certain division which its neighbours dare not approach. Nothing can exceed the grand singularity of the spectacle of the millions on millions of these creatures, standing erect on the ledges of the precipices in ranks, sometimes three and four deep, so very tame that they might be caught by the hand of any one able to venture near them, with their white breasts and bills, looking like files of Austrian soldiers standing at ease; while others, like *aides-de-camp* and orderlies, are incessantly flying to and fro, to the sea beneath or to the summits above, as if on important business. When they are roused by the report of a gun, they rise in clouds, darkening the air and uttering deafening cries. Yet their notes, even if harsh individually, are somewhat melodious when combined, when the deep bass of the cormorant unites with the varied notes of gulls, the tenors of guillemots, and the sharp ringing treble of puffins and auks, with the deep thunder music of the Atlantic for accompaniment.

They pay their first visit to the cliffs in the first week in February, remaining for one day, during which time, by the most praiseworthy, though somewhat garrulous industry, they clear out the rubbish of last year's nests.

cause the crime of theft to be absolutely unknown. But so it is. The most exquisite chill-blooded dainty, fresh from the green waves, may be exposed upon the rock without the slightest fear, on the part of a gannet or auk, that the expectant beak of his young one will be defrauded of the morsel by any greedy but less successful neighbour. The same delicate appreciation of the rights of property applies to rock-ledges, eggs, young ones, and food, and is most singular in a crowd, when there is nothing more than standing-room. The popular belief is, or was, that the birds include England and Ireland in their day's journey; and, in the absence of all knowledge of their proceedings, one fiction is as good as another. When the evening comes, long processions of these creatures are seen converging in straight lines to Bernera, each tribe apart, steering their course to their different ledges with such unerring sagacity, even in the thickest fogs, that boatmen destitute of a compass place implicit reliance upon them. Each bird has but one child; and, as soon as it has gathered sufficient strength, the old one takes it upon his back and plunges headlong into the sea below, to return no more that season. When the last cloud of fowl has departed, melancholy settles upon the island, and for seven months the inhabitants hear no cheerier sounds than the discords of their nearly ceaseless tempests. There is something most bewitching about these sea-birds. Their snowy plumage, unsullied by the dust of earth; their ignorant fearlessness of man; the treacherous softness of their wild eyes; their glorious familiarity with the sea; their life of wild daring, mingled with tender devotion to their young; the strange defiance which lurks in all their graceful movements; their prophetic

knowledge of the coming storm; their universal obedience to their own laws; their keen vision; the mystery hanging over their haunts; their strange wild voices—all give them an interest which belongs not to their feathered kindred of the land. Yet they are altogether aliens, things of the ocean, as much as the cold-blooded monsters which wallow below. But enough of them. We felt that we had more in common with the tame, warm-blooded ponies and goats than with the whole fraternity of wild fowl and uncouth

are occupied by buildings used as stores. The outer walls are fifteen feet high, and the square in the centre is beautifully paved with small blocks of granite. The immense solidity of the erection, and the mode in which its foundations are built into the rock, make it appear an outgrowth of the cliff itself. The light is a caloptric one, formed by twenty-one powerful argand lamps, and is intermittent, being eclipsed half a minute, at the end of every two minutes and a half. This eclipse is managed by shades having an upper and lower section, which are



PICTISH WALL IN S. BERNERA.

sea shapes. Land animals seem to thrive upon the grass of the island, though it is coarsened by the salt spray which drifts continually over it. Two monstrous patriarchal goats, with long white beards, followed us in our explorations, but their sociability was a great nuisance; and after one of the officers had tantalised them by giving them pieces of white paper to eat, their advances became so obstreperous, and withal so mischievous, as to involve a rear-guard of sailors to keep them at bay with the stand of the theodolite.

Bernera is about a mile long, and half a mile broad, and dolphin-shaped, rising steadily and gradually for half its length, and then with an abrupt but magnificent sweep to the lofty height on which the lighthouse stands. A good macadamized road, used for the hauling of coals, oil, and stores, ascends from the landing-place to the lighthouse; this, and the generally apparent trimness, being due to the Commissioners of Northern Lights. After a walk for exploring purposes, one party went to the centre of the island, with the object of making magnetic observations; and the other to the lighthouse, which fitly crowns the summit. This lighthouse is one of the most magnificent of the Stevensons' erections, as it requires to be one of the strongest. It is built of granite quarried in Bernera, bolted and clamped with iron, and roofed with sheet lead. Its form is quadrangular. The lighthouse, fifty feet in height, occupies the seaward side of the quadrangle, the houses of the three lightkeepers the landward, and the north and south sides

made to meet in the middle at the required interval by some simple but singularly accurate machinery. The hexagon-shaped light-room is a marvel of polish and cleanliness. Speaking-tubes run from this to the sleeping-rooms of the three keepers, and no keeper can leave it after his four hours' vigil until his successor arrives. The light is one of the most powerful in the world, and is visible in clear weather at a distance of thirty-three miles. It would be more useful if its altitude were less, for it is continually shrouded in clouds and mist when all is clear below. On such a day one might almost envy the lightkeeper; but, on consideration, a sailor's life, which is the nearest approach to his, is decidedly preferable. It is true that the sailor has to keep vigils which are not always of the pleasantest description; to turn out on dark nights upon a slippery reeling deck; to keep a sharp look-out ahead, with the wind in his teeth; to overhaul tackle, and furl sails in a storm, when tackle and canvas are inflexible with ice; and do fifty things which seem very hard to people who have a weakness for solid ground; but he has the excitement of constant variety, of action, of battling, and, above all, of blessed human companionship. There is no such thing as furling top-sails or any other sails alone, and there is port when all is over. It is the awful monotony, and the solitary vigils of the lightkeeper's life, which are its terror, and have turned men's brains before now. He hears the call from the light-room, crosses the quadrangle in rain, sleet, or snow, walks up to his place, and

sits there with nothing to do but keep himself awake. The lamps need no replenishing, the machinery is too perfect to need attention, the click of the wheel is as regular as the ticking of a clock. It is a blaze of light within, a horror of great darkness without, and there he sits year after year. Better the chance excitement of an awful night, when he must be ready with his pane of glass in case of accident, when jets of spray are hurled upwards from the abyss with great force, or benighted birds, dazzled by the glare, are driven against the windows and the glasses are cracked. If the men who perform these invaluable services to our marine are of average intellect, they probably become stultified; and if they are above the average, they are likely to have a worse fate.

Perhaps a remembrance of the ancient Pharos prompted Paul's pen when he wrote, "Holding forth the word of life in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world." On coming up with the land under unfavourable circumstances, a blink of a known light so transforms all things, that one is altogether impressed with the idea that a heavenly hand is holding out the guiding star, and values too lightly the persevering human agency. People who take summer tours along our coasts willingly render the passing tribute of "How beautiful!" to the silver line of light, and regard it as a "charming accessory" to the picture; but only people who have been in danger can tell the blessing of these bright and serene stars, when they turn perilous doubt into blessed certainty. I have known the Atlantic when for days and nights neither solar nor lunar observations could be obtained, dense fog, snow-storms, icebergs, and field-ice in all directions, the ship running twelve knots an hour, bells ringing, fog-horns blowing, when every one would have given almost anything for one glimmer of the Cape Race light; and then, when it did appear, it was greeted more as a star of hope twinkling through the pitchy gloom than as anything earthly, for it saved the ship, which would have been on the land in twenty minutes. However, it needs no Atlantic experience to make one appreciate the blessed Pharos of modern days. A misty night round the Mull of Kintyre will do this, or a run into the mouth of the Mersey in a Liverpool fog.

The promontory on which the Barrahead lighthouse stands is of a triangular form, and is six hundred and fifty feet above the sea. A few feet beyond the lighthouse wall, and within about fifty feet of the verge, is yet another wall running quite across the point. The strength and powers of endurance of this erection have been tested, as those of the lighthouse have not been, by the storms of many centuries. This singular enigma, which merits more attention than it has hitherto received, is about thirty feet high in the highest part, and about twenty-eight inches thick in the thickest, and has been of a uniform height. Under the circumstances, the act which demolished a part of it, in order to give a full view of the light from the westward, must be considered a necessity rather than a vandalism, but it is disgusting to an antiquary. The wall is built of stones about ten inches in length, wedge-shaped at both ends and fitting into each other with extreme regularity and nicety. As it now stands, mortar seems a superfluity; but I am inclined to think it not impossible that the builders, in the absence of lime, may have filled up the interstices with a composition of slime and sand, which has been completely washed out by the rains of ages. On the seaward side there are the remains of two underground houses; but whether they were hiding-places in case the natives were driven to the last extremity, or receptacles for

treasure, it is impossible to divine. These are the only antiquarian relics in Bernera: there are no traces of ecclesiastical ruins of any date; and, though it cannot be asserted that the presence of such remains has any influence upon the religious habits of a people, yet there is a blank where no spot can be pointed out round which any religious associations cluster, no indications of any gropings after the Creator, no shrine upon which our brethren have sacrificed to false gods or worshipped the True.

THE WATER-SUPPLY OF CITIES AND TOWNS.

II.

At the present day it may be safely affirmed that there is no European country better supplied with water than our own. At a superficial view such does not appear to be the case, because in continental cities we see public fountains erected and spouting forth water in all available open places, and we see little or nothing of the kind in our own cities. But this abundance of public fountains in foreign cities is a proof that the water, so plentiful, apparently, out of doors, is not plentiful within. To the middle-class Frenchman, the German, the Spaniard, the Italian, the public fountain is the source whence he draws his domestic supply of water; while we in England have the domestic supply within doors, and often upon every floor of our houses. It was not always so: a few generations ago we were in the same predicament as our neighbours are now—dependent for household water on fountains or conduits, and on the services of water-carriers who brought it to our dwellings.

The quality of the water available for our wants is of scarcely less importance than a plenteous supply of it. Of all matters, fluid or solid, water is the easiest of adulteration, since it will take up and hold in solution some portion more or less of almost everything, in the air, on the earth, or under the earth, with which it comes into contact. The only pure water is that which is distilled by art, or that which comes from the clouds in the form of rain; and even rain-water, to be pure, must not descend through canopies of chimney-smoke, or through noisome exhalations. When it falls upon the soil, it takes up the soluble portions, earthy salts, lime, iron, sulphur, magnesia, etc., and its qualities will be altered according to the nature of the substances it has absorbed. The most marked change it undergoes is that of becoming hard, and the deeper it sinks into the earth the harder, as a rule, it will become. For this reason, water from deep wells is usually the hardest and least fit for drinking and for purposes of ablution. The water of running rivers and streams is loaded with the materials of the soil through which they run. In London lime is the principal ingredient, the streams affording the supply running between limestone banks or over limestone beds. It is calculated that some eighty tons of lime per day are sent through the London water-pipes; and those who drink the water without first boiling it, or otherwise precipitating the lime, do so to the injury of their stomachs and the gradual destruction of their tissues. The pallid countenances of Londoners are due as much to the hard water they drink as to the fog, smoke, and foul air they breathe: if the quantity of lime it contains were much greater, it would produce cretinism, as it does in the Alpine districts; and wens and swollen necks, as it does in some parts of the iron country. The water supplied to most of the cities and towns in the northern parts of our island is much purer than that of London, because it runs mostly over beds of clay-slate and granite, and consists of the rain-fall collected from lofty hills:

it is said to contain only half a grain of lime to the gallon.

In procuring water for the regular supply of cities and towns, recourse has generally been had, when the surface sources have not proved sufficient, to wells sunk in the soil. In some districts enormous quantities of water are thus obtainable, and, being pumped into reservoirs, are there stored for use. Until a very late period the cities of Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham derived their main supplies from wells sunk in the red sandstone, some of the wells yielding on the average more than a million gallons of water daily. The supply from wells, however, is not so satisfactory as that from surface drainage—it is not so constant in quantity, nor so pure; and, though the quantity may be increased almost indefinitely by sinking the wells deeper, such increase is generally made at the cost of purity; the water from a great depth being not only much harder, but, when the wells are near the coast, as was the case at Liverpool, being also brackish and unpleasant to the taste. It seems, from these and similar reasons, to have become an axiom with engineers that wells ought not to be relied on for the main supply of any large town where surface-water can possibly be obtained, but that they should be looked upon merely as valuable accessories; and in this light they are regarded by the London water companies, which, nevertheless, make a large use of them. The better mode of collecting water, and the mode which has been pursued from the time of the Romans, and even before, is that of damming up, or, as it is termed, impounding, the waters of rivers and streams known to be wholesome and pure. The expense of this method is necessarily very great where the water impounded is situated at a low level, because for the purposes of distribution it will have to be raised to a higher elevation, which can only be done by means of costly machinery adapted for the purpose.

As a rule, water collected and stored for domestic uses is not sent through the service-pipes until it has first been filtered, the organic matters contained in such water being always considerable, though varying in amount in different districts. The filtering of the water supplied to London was made compulsory on all the London companies by Act of Parliament some twelve or fourteen years ago, about which period the several establishments of the companies presented a remarkable spectacle. Works of a most gigantic kind had to be carried out simultaneously in all directions in order to comply with the requisitions of the new law. Immense filtering-beds were laid out, and monster reservoirs dug in the ground, lined with masonry, divided into compartments arched over on the top and then covered in: these were to contain the filtered water and preserve it for use, distributing it as it was wanted, to the smaller service reservoirs. Different methods of filtering have been adopted in different localities. By the Scotch system, which has been described as the best, the filtration is three-fold, and takes place in three different compartments: in the first the water runs through a mass, four or five feet deep, of freestone broken small; in the second through a bed of gravel three feet deep; and in the third through a bed of sand two feet deep, from which last it runs off perfectly sweet and clear as crystal. The London plan of filtration is in a manner an inversion of the Scotch one: thus the New River water filters through a single bed of composite material consisting of three strata, the lowest being of pebbles, or sea shingle, the middle one of coarse sifted gravel, and the upper one of fine pure sand. The water percolating through this bed passes into clay pipes at the bottom, the said pipes being drilled with countless small holes for its reception; and it is conveyed from the

pipes through culverts into a covered tank, whence it is pumped off into the reservoirs. Though this is obviously a less effectual mode of filtration than the triple method of the Scotch, it has working advantages not to be despised: it occupies less space, and presents greater facilities for cleaning; it is found that all the impurities and organic matters are left on the surface of the upper layer of sand, and that they can easily be scraped off when necessary, together with a portion of the sand, so that nothing more is required after such scraping than a little fresh sand to renew the filter; while it would appear that in the Scotch system all three compartments must need to be periodically renewed if the filtration is to be maintained in an effective state.

The methods in use for conveying the water to the dwellings of consumers have been brought to a satisfactory state of completion, and leave little to be desired. We can have water laid on in any part of our houses if we choose, and, at a moderate expense, may draw it either hot or cold at any hour of the day. These advantages we owe principally to the general use of iron pipes, which have everywhere superseded the wooden ones: iron pipes are now made of all diameters, from three inches to four feet; and they are strong enough to resist any pressure to which they are liable. In towns and cities favourably situated, where the springs and tanks or reservoirs supplying the water have their level on neighbouring hills above the elevation of the houses, the business of distribution presents the fewest difficulties; the water having merely to be led off in pipes: as it descends by gravitation, and rises again, wherever it is confined, towards its original level, it may be conducted, at the will of the consumer, to any point below that level. In cities and towns not so favourably situated more costly means must be resorted to. In order that water may be supplied to dwellings from a source which is on a lower level than that on which they stand, it must first be raised to an elevation above them; and, if the district to be supplied is large, the elevation must be considerable, in order to ensure a high pressure, and consequently rapid supply. This is accomplished in various ways: advantages are taken, where they occur, of rising grounds for the formation of tanks and service reservoirs; and sometimes, when these are not sufficiently elevated, the water is sent from them through pipes rising forty or fifty feet, thus making an artificial level at that height. A more general method is that of pumping up the water to tanks constructed on the summits of lofty towers, whence it descends through pipes sometimes of enormous bore, in vast volumes, and at a pressure corresponding with the height from which it falls. In some instances reservoirs are constructed at a sufficient elevation to supply part of a district; and stand-pipes are erected in which water is pumped to a higher level for the supply of the remainder. In all cases the object is the same; that is, to obtain a point sufficiently elevated to secure the flow of the water to the places where it is wanted for use.

The contrivance and manufacture of the machinery by which water is pumped up out of mines, ponds, wells, and reservoirs to the desired elevation, has occupied the attention of scientific and practical men almost ever since the invention of the steam-engine. The common atmospheric pump being of little or no use for such laborious work, hydraulic engines of great power, on the principle of the lifting-pump and the force-pump, have been invented and improved from time to time, until their performance has reached a degree of perfection which leaves little to be desired. Pumping machines are some of them of the most ingenious

description, and for certain purposes are quite inexpensive in the operation, requiring no aid either from steam or human power to work them, but performing their task for years together by the sole force of a stream of water in which they are adjusted. We have seen some of them in operation, supplying tanks or reservoirs on a high level with water from running streams on a low level—the only force used being that of the current, which moved at the rate of a few miles an hour, increased in impetus by a slight artificial fall, where the weight of water acts on the machine. Such machines, however, are useful only in places where a moderate quantity of water will meet the daily demand. Very different are the powerful pumping-engines used in lifting the water-supply of cities, and which have to perform the labour of raising many millions of gallons daily to the height of several hundred feet. There seems to be no limit to the dynamical force which, by means of steam and appropriate machinery, may be exerted in this way; and perhaps there are few things in mechanics which, in the present day, are better understood. We owe the advance of our knowledge on this subject mainly to the varied experience of the Cornish miners, who, about a century ago, saw their mines about to vanish from their grasp through the underground floods, and who only saved them by the timely intervention of Watt, with his steam-pumping machinery. Since then the science of practical hydraulics has been fully mastered, and may be said to have been perfected in its application to mechanical purposes, and to manufactures of various kinds. The question of cost, however, is one which affords continual scope for improvement; and of late years, so far as the lifting of water is concerned, it seems to be that which has chiefly occupied the attention of engineers. The expense of pumping would appear to be calculated by the weight of water raised to a certain height by a certain quantity of coal. A hundredweight of coal used in generating steam in the steam-pump will, of course, express the cost of pumping by the weight of water it will lift. To increase the quantity of water raised, without increasing the consumption of coal, has been for years past the problem which ingenious men in this department of science have been trying to solve, and which some of them, it must be confessed, have solved in a most satisfactory manner. All kinds of pumps and hydraulic apparatus have been experimented with; and steam-engines, high pressure and low pressure, condensing and non-condensing, have been enlisted in the service. The result seems to be, that whereas in Liverpool, not very long ago, it cost as much as four pounds sterling to raise a hundred millions of gallons of water to a height of one hundred feet, the same thing has been done in exceptional instances at the cost of only seven shillings, and for a long time has been done by one at least of the London water companies at an average cost of about twelve shillings and sixpence—the average being, of course, subject to disturbance by any abnormal increase in the price of coal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF JEWISH CUSTOMS.

IX.—THE REJOICING OF THE LAW.

THE ninth and last day of the Feast of Tabernacles—the customs observed during which we described in a preceding number—is called “Simchath Torah,” the rejoicing of the Law. The reason for this name is as follows:—It is not generally known that the Jews have no lectionary in their Sabbath services—i. e., no special passages selected from the Scriptures are appointed to

be read in the synagogues on the Sabbaths, but the Pentateuch is read through from beginning to the end each year. For this purpose the five books of Moses are divided into fifty-four *sedrath*, or portions, one (and in a few instances two) being read on the morning of each Sabbath.

The lessons of the day are not read from a printed copy of the Pentateuch, but from a manuscript, that must have been written with the most scrupulous care on vellum. Not the smallest erratum is allowed to remain in the manuscript. After having been written, it is carefully examined, and the smallest slip of the pen is rectified immediately. No doubt it is owing mainly to this punctilious anxiety and nicety that there are hardly any various readings in the Hebrew text of the five books of Moses. The parchment is generally about two feet wide, and the pieces are joined so as to form one roll for the whole Pentateuch. The text is written in columns across the vellum, each end being fastened to a roller. The whole is wound round the roller on the left-hand side, and when read it is unrolled from that and wound round the other roller, and is therefore called a scroll.

The text is written without any points; for, according to the Jewish mode of reading Hebrew, all the letters of the alphabet are merely consonants, the vowel sounds being indicated by certain marks called vowel points. When the Hebrew was a living language, the Jew never wrote these points down, only the consonants, and added the vowel points when reading, by dint of practice, just as a shorthand writer would at the present day. The Hebrew Scriptures having originally been committed to writing in this form, the same rule is at the present day adhered to as regards the copies used in the synagogue. Still, each word is pronounced with its vowels, as though it had its points marked.

It may be added that there is a slight difference in the mode of pronunciation of some of these vowels by Jews in different parts of the world. This constitutes a difference of dialect; and in this consists the chief distinction between the *Sephardim* sect of Jews, who originally were settled in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and France, and the *Ashkenazim*, who were located in Germany and Russia.

In this country the congregation whose chief synagogue is at Bevis Marks follows the Sephardim mode of pronunciation, whilst the other congregations adhere to the dialect of the Ashkenazim. A slight distinction in their religious worship is also maintained by these two communities.

Reverting to the subject of the Hebrew Scripture reading, it may have been noticed that certain accents are placed above and below each word in the printed editions. These represent the peculiar modulations according to which the words are chanted in the synagogue, answering somewhat to the ecclesiastical *neum*. Neither of these, however, will be found in the manuscript scrolls.

When the scroll is complete and fastened to the rollers, it is enveloped in a cover, generally made of silk and richly embroidered. A silver pointer to assist in reading, and a small crown of the same metal, are added, and the scroll is then deposited in the ark.

On each occasion when the scroll is taken from the ark, in order that the lesson may be read therefrom, appropriate passages are recited from the Scriptures, together with a brief thanksgiving to the Lord for having in his holiness given the Law or “Torah” to Israel, and an appropriate psalm is chanted when it is returned to the ark.

On the ninth day of the Feast of Tabernacles the last

portion of the Pentateuch, Deut. chaps. xxxiii and xxxiv, which contain the blessing of Moses, and an account of his death and burial, is read. And in celebration of the conclusion of the reading of the Law the Festival of Rejoicing, *Simchath Torah*, is solemnized. This festival

It was formerly the practice that the Law should be read to the congregation, not by the same person throughout, but that each member should take his turn in the recitation. The intention was to impress the Israelite that it was the duty of each and every one of them to pro-



S. Solomon.

is instituted also in remembrance of the command contained in Deut. xxxi. 10, which enacts that at the end of every seven years, on the Feast of Tabernacles, the Law should be read in the presence of all Israel in their hearing, and that all the people should be assembled together, the men and the women and the children, in order that they might hear, and in order that they might learn to fear the Lord their God, and to observe to do all the words of the Law.*

On this festival the synagogue is decked out with the utmost splendour, and in the evening it is brilliantly lighted up. This is done partly also in remembrance of the solemnity with which the Feast of Tabernacles was concluded when the Temple was standing, when joyful processions encircled the altar.

On the morning of the festival, when the time has arrived that the portion of the day is to be read, seven scrolls are taken from the ark, and the bearers of the same, including the rabbi, the reader, and the principal officers of the synagogue, all clad in their robes with fringes, form themselves into a procession, and go round the synagogue, past the ark, seven times. During the procession, the choir sings the fervent supplicatory hosannas: "O Lord, save us now, we beseech thee. Send us prosperity, we beseech thee. O Lord, we beseech thee, answer us when we call. O God of spirits, save us now. O thou, who searchest the hearts, send us prosperity. O mighty Redeemer! answer us when we call."

The blessing of Moses is then read to the community.

mulgate the Law and its lessons. At the present day also the Jew is reminded that, even as a layman, he should still regard himself as forming one of "a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation."

Accordingly, none of the congregants shrinks from taking a leading part in the service at the synagogue. He is called to the Law by having his name pronounced in Hebrew, when he ascends the platform and pronounces a blessing before and after the reading of a certain portion of the lessons of the day. At the conclusion he says:—

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God! who hast given us the Law of Truth, and planted eternal life within us. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast given the Law."

On the festival which we are describing, two of the most distinguished members of the congregation are selected. One of these concludes the Law with the reading of the account of the death of Moses; the other immediately after resumes with the recitation of the first chapter of Genesis, which delineates the history of the creation. The object of this proceeding is to impress the Israelite that he should never cease studying the Bible, but in the words said unto Joshua, in the passage, which is also read to the congregation on that day, "This book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do all according to all that is written therein."

Some hymns are subsequently chanted expressive of joy and thanksgiving, and celebrating the excellency of the Law.

The rest of this day is spent in merry festivity; for,

* Deut. xxxi. 13.

although the Jew is repeatedly told to rejoice during the whole of the Feast of Tabernacles,* the joy reaches its climax on this the last day: even as we read of Solomon of old: "And on the three-and-twentieth day of the seventh month he sent the people away into their tents, glad and merry in heart for the goodness that the Lord had showed."†

With *Simchath Torah* the autumnal festivals close; and in the words of a Jewish writer, it seems to have been the intention of the Law that the gratitude of man should humbly endeavour to keep pace with the bounty of his Creator, and that at the very season when the earth has abundantly yielded its produce, man should have it most forcibly impressed on his mind that the love of God, and obedience to his laws, are the only return he can make to the free gift of the Divine mercy.

Therefore the new year, the day of "Memorial," calls upon the Israelite to examine his past conduct; the ten penitential days tell him to repent and amend; the Day of Atonement directs him to make his peace with God and his fellow-men; and when his mind is thus properly prepared, the Feast of Tabernacles teaches him to exult in the fulness of the Divine bounty; and the rejoicing in the Law seals his attachment and adherence to that fountain of wisdom, of which it is said: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."‡

COCKLETOP AND COCKLETOP MAGNA.

RAT-TAT, tat, tat!

"Who can that be?" said Miss Plum, throwing down her work—"only eleven o'clock; surely it can't be the Miss Bangs—they are so tiresome, they never consider hours."

Rat-tat, tat, tat, tat!

"Where in the world is that Phoebe—who can it be, mamma? Do put away that old sheet—here—!" And Miss Plum made a rush at Mrs. Plum's rather cumbersome work, over which, however, that lady valiantly threw her arm, protesting against its being taken away.

"Pennie, Pennie! there's such a fine carriage at the door, and a coachman, and a gentleman; do come and look through the stair window," screamed little Tom Plum to his agitated sister.

"A gentleman!" exclaimed Penelope, in aggravated excitement, and making a fresh attack on the sheet, "where is Phoebe; where is he to be shown?"

"In here, of course," said Mrs. Plum, holding fast her work; "and don't put yourself into a fever, Pennie: there is no disgrace in clean work; I dare say the gentleman, whoever he is, has seen it before now."

Penelope, leaving the sheet, made a racing tour of the room, altering the places of chairs, etc., when a third rat-tat, tat, tat, moved even Mrs. Plum. "I dare say Phoebe is feeding the pigs," she said; "it's very uncivil to leave people at the door, Pennie; suppose you just go and—and—"

"Mamma!" Pennie could say no more; and at this moment Mr. Plum opened the door, and said quietly, "What is all that knocking, my dear?"

"Some stranger at the door, so Tom says. I conclude Phoebe is with the pigs, and Pennie doesn't like to go, so I was just going myself."

"By no means," said Mr. Plum, meekly; "I will go, my dear;" and, closing that door, he opened the front one just in time to save a fresh knock.

"The Reverend the Vicar at home?" said a pompous coachman; "I began to think all the family had gone to church."

"That shows you are ignorant of service days, friend," replied Mr. Plum, not at all discomposed. "The vicar is at home."

The coachman, who, tired of waiting, had (just glancing at Mr. Plum's very plain appearance) taken him for "the man," now civilly gave a card, and, speaking in another tone, said his master was in the brougham and wished to see him.

"The Reverend Theophilus Windenwater," read Mr. Plum; "pray ask your master to alight, and tell him I am at home."

So the coachman went back, and the Reverend Theophilus Windenwater alighted, and Mr. Plum received him at the doorstep. Mr. Plum was a very small man—short and spare; his hair was gray, his complexion yellow. He was dressed in his ordinary study garment, a coat made by Mrs. Plum out of a military cloak, which in years gone by had belonged to Captain Plum his brother; the shape had been accommodated to the quantity of cloth, and was not of the most approved kind; it was down to his heels, and very full from the waist, for Mrs. Plum did not like to cut the cloth: she thought after it had done its work as a morning gown it might be turned with advantage into something else. Mr. Plum's only objection to it was when on a windy day he walked in his orchard or garden; at such times he would get inconveniently enveloped in the flowing tails, to the amusement of his son Tom; but, unless he suffered personal annoyance from his raiment, he was not the man to complain of its form, nor even to consider it.

The Reverend Mr. Theophilus Windenwater, who now returned Mr. Plum's bow on the doorstep, was six feet some inches high, and broad to match; his hair was jet black, and curled all over his head and all round his face, and almost all over it, leaving, where it did not grow, a fine florid complexion and a pair of grand black eyes. Tom said he was just like that head of Holofernes that Miss Plum had worked in a "piece" containing Judith with her sword, and the enemy's head in her hand.

Mr. Plum had a great deal of looking up and down to do before he could take in the whole of his visitor; whereas Mr. Windenwater had to look hard to find out whereabouts Mr. Plum was; at least, it appeared that he thought so by his expression.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir," said the little vicar, smiling kindly up, and pointing to the card, as he ushered him up the passage.

"No, no," answered Mr. Windenwater; "but you probably guess my business, which we can discuss in your study."

Mr. Plum had led the way to the parlour; but, as his visitor said "study," he turned aside, and opened his own little door, and Mr. Windenwater followed him in.

A curious place was that study. Everybody in the family, not excepting Phoebe the servant, took liberties with Mr. Plum, to which he submitted without being sensible of them sometimes, and from a love of harmony at others. Whatever there was no room for in any other part of the house was put into the study; whatever it was inconvenient to do in other parts of the house was done in the study.

Does the reader fancy to himself such a study as he enjoys—one in which long rows of books hide the walls, maps hanging here and there; a solemn bust frowning from a niche; an easy chair, promising thought and

Lev. xxiii. 40; Deut. xvi. 14, 15. † 2 Chron. viii. 10.
‡ Prov. iii. 17.

providing sleep, standing in the corner; a leather-covered table, with its many drawers before it, etc., etc., etc.? Such was not Mr. Plum's study.

Books there were, and papers there were, but the accommodations for them were neither prominent nor ornamental; while various things that could not be misconstrued into literary paraphernalia made themselves very conspicuous. It being the driest room in the house, Mrs. Plum kept her preserves on two shelves put up over the fireplace to receive them; and for the same reason Miss Plum's saddle for the pony hung behind the door; while Tom found it the only convenient place where to keep his cages for birds and dormice, Mrs. Plum protesting vehemently against the parlour, and the cat being too near in the kitchen.

Yet, owing to Mr. Plum's peculiarities of character and temper, he was as well off in his invaded study as the most absolute philosopher could be in the choicest retirement. He had a remarkable power of abstraction, which made him deaf, blind, and insensible to things around him, and he had a ruling love of peace, which drove him to the continual exercise of this power. He lived in what he studied, and so found it quite practicable to study in what he lived in.

It happened to be Saturday when Mr. Windenwater's loud knock disturbed the serenity of the vicarage, and, by way of making a *coup d'œil* to the appearance of the study, Phoebe had, according to her invariable Saturday custom, begged pardon, and asked leave to put a saucepan on the fire, as the kitchen hobs were filled with stuff for the pigs.

When Mr. Plum and his visitor were seated, the latter on the high-backed arm-chair, in which much excellent divinity had been composed, and in which no one of a less happy spirit than Mr. Plum could be guilty of falling asleep, the Reverend Theophilus Windenwater looked round him with a disconsolate expression, and settling his great eyes on Mr. Plum, said—

"And *this* is your study?"

"Yes," said the vicar, looking round too, for the face of his guest had awakened him to a suspicion that it was not altogether what a *study* might be expected to be. He was forming an explanation for the appearance of all interloping matters when Mr. Windenwater said, "It looks out on a dead wall."

"Yes; I find that useful; it prevents distraction," said Mr. Plum.

"Is the rest of the house answerable to this?" said the guest.

"Answerable?" asked Mr. Plum, surprised at the question, but not offended, as most would have been.

"How many rooms have you?" asked Mr. Windenwater.

Mr. Plum became much puzzled as to his visitor and his strange questions, but, according to his invariable habit of compliance, began counting up the rooms—

"Our kitchen, that is rather small and a little damp; then there's this, which I find a very pleasant room; and the parlour, that looks into the churchyard and is very cheerful; and there are three bedrooms and the garrets."

"What could Mr. Hocus have been thinking of?" said Mr. Windenwater.

That was more than Mr. Plum could say. He would like to know, indeed, as it might throw some light on Mr. Windenwater's visit.

"Church in repair?" said that gentleman.

"Pretty fair. Would you like to see it? we have some remarkable monuments."

"Thank you; yes, presently," and Mr. Windenwater took out his pocket-book. While he is consulting it,

and continuing his talk with the vicar, let us return to the parlour.

Miss Plum had seen Mr. Windenwater through the keyhole. "Mamma, he's a thorough gentleman, I'm sure; he's coming in," she said; and started off to the other side of the room, as if she knew no more of the keyhole than Mr. Windenwater himself.

Mrs. Plum, who had gone on perseveringly with her work, looked up expecting every moment to see the door open; but it did not, and in another moment they heard the saddle bump against the study door, as it always did when it was shut.

"Oh, fancy!" cried Miss Plum; "papa has taken him into the study."

"The proper place, Pennie, if he has come on business," replied Mrs. Plum.

"Please, ma'am, might I fetch the pot out of the study? The pig's stuff is done, and I can do with it now in the kitchen."

"Odious!" groaned Miss Plum, quite sick at heart.

"Better leave it now, Phoebe," said Mrs. Plum, calmly.

Shortly after this the vicar opened the door and introduced Mr. Windenwater.

Mrs. Plum was in the act of folding one end of the sheet, Tom having the other end; she bowed her best under the circumstances, and Penelope made an unexceptionable bend. Tom now took a determined note of him, and was quite confirmed in his former opinion.

The Reverend Theophilus made one bow, and bestowed half a glance on the whole party, and, saying something about "disturbing the family," and looking immeasurably disgusted, abruptly left the room announcing his wish to go to the church. The vicar sent to the clerk for the key, and, while they waited, led the way into the churchyard. The fresh air seemed to revive Mr. Windenwater a little. "I have asked you no questions of importance, you will say," he remarked.

Mr. Plum thought over the questions. "No; none of any importance to *you*, I should say."

"The truth is, I know all the particulars," said Mr. Windenwater; "the house must come down."

Mr. Plum had just got the church key, and nearly dropped it in his surprise. "Come down!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; when do you vacate?"

"When do I vacate?" repeated Mr. Plum; "pray, sir, may I ask you a question in my turn?"

"By all means."

"Then what do you come for?"

"To see the living, of course."

"For what purpose?"

"To ascertain if it will suit me."

Mr. Plum could only stare at him.

"I come from Mr. Hocus."

"Mr. Hocus!" repeated Mr. Plum.

"You know him?"

"Never heard of him."

"He is your referee."

"As to what?"

"The disposal of your living."

"Evidently some mistake," said Mr. Plum. "I shall not vacate this living while I am blessed with power to continue in it."

Mr. Windenwater took out his pocket-book, and put the paper into his hand.

"This is your advertisement, I believe," he said.

Mr. Plum looked at it, and, quietly pointing to the address, said, "*This is Cockletop Magna.*"

"And *this*?" said the visitor.

"Is merely Cockletop."

"Then I have come to the wrong place."

"Undoubtedly; Cockletop Magna is seven miles farther on."

The Reverend Theophilus Windenwater looked unfeignedly relieved, made profuse apologies to the vicar of "merely Cockletop," and, binding him over to secrecy as to his errand to Cockletop Magna, stepped into his brougham, leaving Mr. Plum to account to his family for the visit as he could.

When that worthy little man was once more in his study, he seated himself at his table, and, after reflection, wrote a note which the clerk of Cockletop, who happened to be at work in his garden, undertook to carry immediately to the Rev. Mr. Floyd of Cockletop Magna, borrowing Farmer Diggory's mare for the purpose.

"Who was the gentleman, my dear? Penelope is very anxious to know. I tell her he is most likely one of the school commissioners," said Mrs. Plum, when the vicar came in to dinner.

"You are *such* a diviner!" said Mr. Plum, smiling; which innocent device misled the whole family, who remained in perfect ignorance of the truth.

"My dear," said Mr. Plum, "can you find another place for those preserve jars?"

Mrs. Plum began to think.

"And I should say Pennie's saddle might as well go behind the kitchen door."

What had come to papa?

"Tom, those birds of yours make a sad mess; I think you must look out for another place for them. I've some idea of getting the study painted and papered, and put into better order."

No reply was made, but it was evident to the family that the visit of the great gentleman had had a disquieting effect on Mr. Plum's mind, for that day at any rate. Even Phoebe was desired to leave off begging pardon and putting her Saturday saucepan on the fire.

"We have need to see with the eyes of others," said Mr. Plum to himself, as he surveyed his study from the same point of view at which he felt it had made so unfavourable an impression on Mr. Windenwater. "We live alone, and to ourselves, till we forget proprieties." Satisfied with his protest and intended reformation, he soon forgot his visitor so far as he was concerned, and the abuses he had declared against silently maintained their ground till he again became insensible of their existence. But we must go now to the vicarage of Cockletop Magna.

In a library where literature was arrayed in luxury, sat the Rev. Theophilus Windenwater—his brougham being "put up," and his man established in the servants' hall; the Rev. Mr. Floyd, an aged man, and out of health, reclined on a sofa beside him. As they were conversing, a servant entered, bringing in Mr. Plum's note on a silver waiter. Mr. Floyd opened it, and read thus, to himself:—

"My dear Sir,—Your visitor, the reverend gentleman who mistook Cockletop for Cockletop Magna, will explain to you how I came to know of your intention of disposing of your advowson. I take the liberty of submitting to you the expediency of making a proviso in the negotiation you conclude with that reverend gentleman—or any other—to the effect that Mr. Thornton, who has worked so well and ably for so many years, be continued in the chapelry annexed. I plead, first, for the cause of the people, among whom he is very acceptable; and next, on account of his family, who would probably suffer much loss by a removal.

From the conversation I undesignedly had with Mr. Theophilus Windenwater, I think he would not be as favourable to Mr. Thornton as experience would surely make him, and without your expressed desire to the contrary would remove him; and this is my reason for troubling you with the application."

Mr. Floyd laid the note on one side, apologizing for having given it his attention, and the conversation was resumed.

Mr. Windenwater was much delighted with all he saw.

"There is a small chapelry," said Mr. Floyd, "belonging to this living, which an excellent man here holds in connexion with a curacy. I should like that to continue in his hands."

Mr. Windenwater didn't see how he could make a promise to that effect, especially as he had a college friend to whom he would like to give it.

Mr. Floyd had no wish that he should promise.]

"Then you don't make it a stipulation?"

"Yes, I must do that; but you are by no means obliged to accede to it."

There was a long debate, but Mr. Floyd was firm. And when the Rev. Theophilus Windenwater succeeded to the living of Cockletop Magna, to the surprise of every one, Mr. Thornton retained his chapelry. Mr. Floyd had sent this answer to Mr. Plum when the agreements were concluded:—

"My dear Sir,—I thank you for your note, which I have acted by, believing you to be right, and feeling sure, on reflection, that but for a stipulation Mr. Thornton would be dismissed, which would be a subject of regret to the people and to me, as well as of inconvenience to himself."

Mr. Plum was greatly pleased when he read the note, and that evening proposed to his wife to walk over to Cockletop Heath to see her friend Mrs. Thornton. Mrs. Plum was busy making marigold-wine, but Pennie and Tom were happy to go.

Mr. Thornton had just come in from a long tour of the parish, and was weary, and he looked as if his heart was sad as well.

Mr. Plum, taking him aside, asked if he had heard of the new hands into which Cockletop Magna had fallen.

"Yes," said Mr. Thornton, shaking his head; "I must tell my wife, and prepare her for what will doubtless come."

"You will not be ejected," said Mr. Plum.

"I am afraid I shall; indeed I scarcely doubt it."

"But I am sure *you won't*," said Mr. Plum. "Look here," and he produced Mr. Floyd's letter and described all that had happened.

"How providential that he called on you first," said Mr. Thornton.

"Yes, you were to be kept here to continue 'your work,' that was it. I knew Mr. Floyd was feeble, and likely to let slip many things, and that he would not so converse with Mr. Windenwater as to see the necessity of protecting you, though he had every desire to do it."

Thus were the affairs of the Thornton family controlled by the mere omission of one word, Magna, so far as second causes went; and the Reverend Theophilus Windenwater, in the course of time, learned that the benefit worked by Mr. Plum's letter was greater to him even than to Mr. Thornton; and often, in after days, did they congratulate one another on the visit to "merely Cockletop," when the family of Mr. Plum were so disturbed by the rat-tat, tat, *tai!* of the Reverend Theophilus Windenwater's impatient coachman.